

ENGLISH
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BOYCE



THE STORM

Sung by M^r. Dodd

Price 6d



Slow Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring Railer, lift ye Landsmen all to me: Mefs. mates

hear a Brother Sailor, sing the dangers of the Sea from bounding Billows first in Motion; when y^e

distant Whirlwinds rise: to the Tempest troubled O-ccean where the Seas contend with Skies

Lively

(2)
Hark the Boatswain hoarsly bawling—
By top-sail-sheets, and halyards stand—
Down top-gallants quick be hawling—
Down your stay—sails, hand Boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the Braces—
Now the top-sail Sheets let go
Luff, Boys luff, don't make wry Faces—
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Slow.

(3)
Now all you, on down-Beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in Beauty's Arms;
Fresh Enjoyments, wanton Courting,
Safe from all but Love's alarms.
Round us roars the Tempest louder,
Think what fears our Minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder, —
Now again the Bofen calls!

Quick.

(4)
The top-sail yards point to the Wind Boys—
See all clear to reef each course —
Let the foresheet go, don't mind Boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the Spritsail yard get —
Reef the Mizzen-see all clear—
Hands up, each preventer-brace, set—
Man the foreyard-Cheer, Lads, cheer.

Slow.

(5)
Now the dreadful Thunder roaring,
Peal, on Peal contending, clash.
On our Heads fierce Rain falls pouring,
In our Eyes blue Lightnings flash.
One wide Water all around us,
All above us one black Sky;
Different Deaths, at once surround us—
Hark!—what means that dreadful Cry.

Quick.

(6)
The Foremast's gone! cries every Tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve Feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the Chest-tree's sprung out—
Call all Hands to clear the Wreck.
Quick, the lanyards cut to peices —
Come my Hearts be stout and bold!
Plumb the Well—the leak encreases —
Four feet Water in the Hold!

Slow.

(7)
While o'er the Ship, wild Waves are beating,
We for Wives, or Children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us
Both Chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have Mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

Quick.

(8)
O'er the lee beam is the Land Boys.
Let the Guns o'er board be thrown—
To the Pump come ev'ry Hand Boys—
See our Mizzen mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
We've lightend her a Foot or more;
Up and rigg a jury foremast—
She rights, she right, Boys, wear of shore.

(9)
Now once more on Joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune sav'd our Lives;
Come the can Boys let's be Drinking,
To our Sweet-hearts and our Wives.
Fill it up about ship wheel it,
Close to th' Lips a Brimmer join;
Where's the Tempest now who feels it,
None—our dangers drown'd in Wine.

COME CHEER UP MY LADS

Sung by MR CHAMPNES in HARLEQUIN'S INVASION

Royal Academy of Music Library 73

For the Harpsichord or Guitar.

Allegro Moderato

Come cheer up my Lads, 'tis to
Glory we steer, To add something more to this wonderfull Year: To Honour we call you, not
press you like Slaves, for who are so free as we Sons of the Waves: Sy Heart of
Oak are our Ships, Heart of Oak are, our Men, We always are ready, Steady Boys, steady, we'll
Fight, and we'll conquer a-gain and again. Sy

2
We ne'er see our Foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't Fight us, we cannot do more,
Heart of Oak &c.

3
They swear they'll invade us, these terrible Foes,
They frighten our Women, our Children and Beaus;
But shoud' their Flat-Bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still BRITONS they'll find to receive them on Shore,
Heart of Oak &c.

4
We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
In spite of the Devil, and BRUSSELS Gazette:
Then cheer up my Lads, with one Heart let us sing,
Our Soldiers, our Sailors, our Statesmen, and KING.
Heart of Oak &c.

For the German Flute

Sy So Cho Sy

